

Daugh. Asever you heard, but say nothing?

1. Fr. No.

Daugh. They come from all parts of the Dukedom to
He warrant ye, he had not so few last night
As twenty to dispatch, hee'l tickl'r up
In two howres, if his hand be in.

Iay. She's lost

Past all cure.

Bro. Heaven forbid man.

Daugh. Come hither, you are a wise man.

1. Fr. Do's she know him?

1. Fr. No, would she did.

Daugh. You are master of a Ship?

Iay. Yes.

Daugh. Wher's your Compasse?

Iay. Heere.

Daugh. Set it too'th North.

And now direct your course to'th wood, wher *Palamon*
Lyes longing for me; For the Tackling
Let me alone; Come waygh my hearts, cheerely.

All. Owgh, owgh, owgh, tis up, the wind's faire, top the
Bowling, out with the maine saile, wher's your
Whistle Master?

Bro. Lets get her in.

Iay. Vp to the top Boy.

Bro. Wher's the Pilot?

1. Fr. Heere.

Daugh. What ken'st thou?

2. Fr. A faire wood.

Daugh. Beare for it master: take about:

When *Cynthia* with her borrowed light, &c.

Scena 2. Enter *Emilia* alone, with 2. Pictures.

Emilia. Yet I may binde those wounds up, that must
And bleed to death for my sake else, Ile choose. (open
And end their strife: Two such yong hansom men
Shall never fall for me, their weeping Mothers,
Following the dead cold ashes of their Sonnes
Shall never curse my cruelty: Good heaven,

What

What a sweet face has *Arcite*? if wise nature
With all her best endowments, all those beuties
She sowes into the birthes of noble bodies,
Were here a mortall woman, and had in her
The coy denials of yong Maydes, yet doubtles,
She would run mad for this man: what an eye?
Of what a fyry sparkle, and quick sweetnes,
Has this yong Prince? Here Love himselfe sits smyling,
Iust such another wanton *Ganimed*,
Set Love a fire with, and enforced the god
Snatch up the goodly Boy, and set him by him
A shining constellation: What a brow,
Of what a spacious Majesty he carries?
Arch'd like the great eyd *Iuno*'s, but far sweeter,
Smoother then *Pelops* Shoulder? Fame and honour
Me thinks from hence, as from a Promontory
Pointed in heaven, should clap their wings, and sing
To all the under world, the Loves, and Fights
Of gods, and such men neere'em. *Palamon*,
Is but his foyle, to him, a meere dull shadow,
Hee's swarth, and meagre, of an eye as heavy
As if he had lost his mother; a still temper,
No stirring in him, no alacrity,
Of all this sprightly sharpenes, not a smile;
Yet these that we count errors may become him:
Narcissus was a sad Boy, but a heavenly:
Oh who can finde the bent of womans fancy?
I am a Foole, my reason is lost in me,
I have no choice, and I have ly'd so lewdly
That women ought to beate me. On my knees
I aske thy pardon: *Palamon*, thou art alone,
And only beutifull, and these the eyes,
These the bright lamps of beauty, that command
And threaten Love, and what yong Mayd dare crosse'em
What a bold gravity, and yet inviting
Has this browne manly face? O Love, this only
From this howre is Complexion: Lye there *Arcite*,
Thou art a changling to him, a meere Gipsy.

And